Raising Large Crops of Cherries.

HAVING harvested a large crop of cherries for three or four years from a small orchard, and this year's produce exceeding that of any former year, I thought some village or city reader of your paper would be glad to hear how it was brought about. My farm consists of about twenty-five feet square on a city lot, and on this piece of ground I have two of the old-fashioned sour cherry trees, which I set out eight or nine years ago. I have kept the ground mellow and wet, spading up the ground for three or four feet from the body of the tree. They grew famously; and, if they had never borne a cherry, I would have been well paid in having such nice shade trees. But in the course of two or three years from setting out, we had a fair crop of cherries, and for three years past have never had less than three bushels; this year getting a trifle over five bushels from the two trees, by actual measure. We commenced to pick on June 14th, and ended July 7th, the trees, being so shaded that they did not ripen very evenly. We had cherries that measured plump 2¼ inches in circumference, but only a small proportion measured so much.

Another peculiarity was that they were never wormy. I do not believe there were a dozen wormy ones in the five bushels. A farmer's wife, who saw the trees at their best, declared that she never saw such a sight in her life. The trees are now twenty-five feet high, and one of them, not having been cramped for room, has a spread of about the same diameter. They are not bushes, but good-sized trees. Any one can get just as good results if he will put a little work on his trees—say three or four hours a year to each tree. As soon as the ground gets hard around the tree, spade it up. Put your wash water and other waste water about the trees, so that the ground will not get too dry, and the fruit will be there in due time to pay a hundred fold for the labor put on them. Another thing is never to allow, at any time of year, worms' nests to form in the trees. The way I get rid of worms is as follows: I take a strip of cloth, say an inch wide and fifteen to eighteen inches long, wind it around one end of a pole, tying it fast. Then, after saturating it with kerosene, I touch a match to it and apply to the nest of worms. By using a small strip, the flame is not large enough to do the tree any damage, and the worms are so thoroughly destroyed that they do not leave any eggs to appear as worms in the cherries another year. During August and September the worms need looking after, though sometimes they appear in July. Let those who have unproductive trees try my plan, and see if the fruit does not follow.—*Cor. Country Gentleman.*

Does Farming Pay?

AN impression, somewhat general, seems to prevail that farming is not as profitable as other vocations; that more money can be earned in almost any other vocation with less labor; hence the farmer's son abandons the farm, where he is a success, for the uncertain gains of town.

The impression, it seems to us, is very far from the truth. Most of the farmers in every county of Iowa commenced life poor; if they have strictly adhered to legitimate farming and avoided speculation, in most cases they are well situated, and are far more comfortable than an equal number of associates who chose the town. Facts sustain us in the assertion that out of one hundred young men, who leave the country for the town or city, not more than one becomes wealthy; perhaps one-tenth obtain a competency, and nine-tenths barely make a living. Out of one hundred young men, who remain upon the farm, possibly not one becomes wealthy, but more than fifty per cent. have substantial possessions and good homes, while most of the remainder make a good living and rear respectable families. The point to be impressed is that the average boy is far more likely to succeed on the farm than in town; not because he actually makes more money, but because he saves what he makes. One thing that has allured many from the farm is society, and schools may be added. In these particulars a marked difference can be observed within a few years to the credit of the country. Farm houses and surroundings are more beautiful; the sons are men of culture and the daughters are accomplished in the elegant as well as the useful.

Society in the country is no longer rude; if it lacks some of the grace of the city, this is more than compensated by solid acquirements and an honest welcome, characteristic of a high-bred people. The turning point has undoubtedly been passed and the future great men of this Nation will be farmers.—*Prof. S. A. Knapp.*

Mutton Sheep.

THERE is a phase of sheep raising which does not require large outlay and costly preparation to conduct, and while it will prove more profitable on the amount of capital invested and care required than the large flocks mainly for their wool, is within the reach of every farmer, and should be a part of his farming. This is small flocks of mutton sheep, within ten or fifteen miles of large towns. Good mutton sells higher than beef in all the butcher shops, and the cause is a scarcity of mutton sheep. The supply for the home market is of a very inferior quality, and even this is held at a luxury price. Here is a market at the very door of farmers where all they can raise of good quality mutton sheep and lambs can be readily disposed of at tip-top prices, and without the intervention of middlemen, or any transportation charges to cut down the profits. Every farmer could purchase and take care of from twenty to fifty head of mutton sheep, which each year would bring him a very nice little return. Of course they could not be kept running out at the mercy of dogs—they must be kept in a pasture and carefully housed at night, particularly in regions where there are dogs likely to interfere with them. But really, according to this writer, the chronic terror of dog depredating on sheep is more of a bugaboo than anything else, if a farmer gives proper attention to his flock. Of course if he neglects it and allows the sheep to ramble at will, he will lose them. If every farmer kept a flock of sheep, sheep-killing dogs would not be so plenty. A pup raised on a farm with sheep is not apt to be a sheep thief, unless he is of the lowest type of the sneaking cur.

But the profit in a flock of ewes numbering twenty-five to 100 head of mutton sheep is sufficient inducement for every farmer to bestow the requisite care to keep such a flock in the best condition. He would soon find that nothing else on the farm brought him half the profit on the investment, and the present is the best time to make this addition to his stock. Get a bunch of common ewes which are under five years old, and then add to the flock a good grade of Cotswold male. Keep the largest and best formed ewe lambs of this cross, sell the indifferent ewes and all the male lambs. Repeat this practice for three years, fattening and disposing of the old stock as the young supplies their places, and at the end of the third year sell the old male and get a young animal of the same breed, and a most valuable flock of mutton sheep will have been built up, worth per head, more than double the original stock, while the yearly profit from wool, lambs and old sheep will have returned a larger comparative profit than any other item on the farm. A home market there is no danger of glutting with mutton sheep, and raising them gives more profit and speedier returns than any other stock on the farm.—*Kansas Farmer.*

Spring or Fall.

WE have two or three inquiries now before us, as to whether spring or fall is the best time to set out trees. We can't tell how often we have treated on this subject, but it is natural that the question should continue to be asked, as young men grow up, marry, and either go to farming or in other ways possess land and desire information as to what fruit-trees to plant and when to plant them. In a very few words we would say that there is not much choice in the seasons. If the soil is naturally moist, spring is probably to be preferred for setting out; if dry, fall. If the trees are large early fall should be chosen, and as soon as the tree is done growing and the leaves begin to drop. In both cases the trees should be taken out of the ground carefully and with as many of the small roots as possible, and be planted as soon after as possible, before the roots become dry. To prevent their becoming so, they should be well covered, kept out of the sun in transporting, and "heeled-in" or buried and liberally watered as soon as they arrive until ready for planting. The planting cannot be done too carefully. The hole should be large enough to receive all the roots carefully spread out, and the ground put about them should be fine and rich. If the roots are too big they should be somewhat pruned, and the branches of the tree also. Sometimes the branches, where the roots are few and have been injured in taking up, should be severely shortened to save the life of the tree.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

How to Make Fern Pictures.

THERE are two ways, says the *Chemist and Druggist*—the mechanical and the photographical. For the first, take a sheet of strong white paper, and with an atomizer pass over it a spray of very diluted mucilage, so as to obtain a very thin and slightly-sticking film, which will make the ferns adhere of which it is desired to make the picture. The ferns and leaves must have been first pressed in a book, and, after arranging them to suit your taste, cause them to lie as closely to the paper as possible; fill an atomizer with very diluted India ink, and blow a spray over the ferns, more or less in proportion as you want a darker or lighter shade. It is well to do this with intermissions, letting it dry a little, so as to avoid excess of moisture and possibility of running the liquid into drops. When nearly dry, but still a little moist, remove the ferns, which may be used over again several times. For the photographic method, cover a sheet of paper with a weak solution of salt in water and some white of an egg, well beaten; after it is dry, take it into a dark room, and with a tuft of cotton pass over it a solution of nitrate of silver (fifty grains to an ounce of water); dry it in the dark, and the coat of chloride of silver formed on its surface will receive the impression. Then arrange your ferns between two plates of glass, and cut the paper to the same size as the glass plates; place it under them and expose to the sun, in the same way as a photographer prints a portrait. Watch it until dark enough, and before removing the paper from the glass take it into a dark room. Here place the picture in a solution of hyposulphate of soda, which will dissolve the chloride of silver, but leave the decomposed material (finely-divided black silver) which forms the black background, while the shadow of the leaves will be white.

A SUNBURY (Pa.) cat has adopted a family of young squirrels.

Our Young Readers.

THE DIFFERENCE.

HA! now I have caught you, my burglar!
Come, what have you got to say?
What shall be done with a rogue like you,
For the mischief you've wrought to-day?
Searching my drawers, and spilling
Their contents upon the floor;
Having a beautiful time with things
You never have found before!

And what have those little fingers
Unrolled from that linen wrap?
"A little doll's dress, so tunnin' and long;
And a dolly's dear little cap";
And a pair of little "b'ue sockses,"
Just ready for Dolly's feet;
And a cloak and hood and a tiny bib?
Oh! won't Miss Dolly look sweet!

But wait a minute, my darling—
You golden-haired burglar small;
Those treasures, I'll have you understand,
Weren't meant for a dolly at all,
But just for a little live baby,
Dimpled and blue-eyed and fair;
And that little lace cap sat daintily, too,
On the rings of golden hair.

And those "sockses"—the feet that wore them
Were warm, and were soft and white
And restless, like some other feet I know,
From early morning till night.
Who was that little live dolly?
Come hither and look in the glass,
And see how the golden-haired baby has grown
To a four-years-old rogue of a lass.

—*Mary D. Brine, in N. Y. Independent.*

NO!

"NO!" CLEAR, sharp and ringing, with an emphasis which could not fail to arrest attention.

"I don't often hear such a negative as that," remarked one gentleman to another, as they were passing the playground.

"It is not often any one hears it. The boy who uttered it can say 'yes,' too, quite as emphatically. He is a newcomer here, an orphan, who lives with his uncle, about two miles off. He walks in every morning, bringing his lunch, and walks back at night. He works enough, too, to pay his board, and does more towards running his uncle's farm than the old man does himself. He is the coarsest-dressed scholar in the school and the greatest favorite. Everybody knows just what to expect of him."

"Quite a character. I should like to see him. Boys of such sturdy make-up are getting to be scarce, while the world never had more need of them than now."

"All that is true; and if you wish to see Ned come this way."

They moved on a few steps, pausing by an open gate near which a group of lads were discussing some exciting question.

"It isn't right, and I won't have anything to do with it. When I say 'no' I mean it."

"Well, anyway, you needn't speak so loud and tell everybody about it," was responded impatiently to this declaration.

"I'm willing everybody should hear what I've got to say about it. I won't take anything that don't belong to me, and I won't drink cider anyway."

"Such a fuss about a little fun! It's just what we might have expected. You never go in for fun."

"I never go in for doing wrong. I told you no, for to begin with. And you're the ones to blame if there's been any fuss."

"Ned Dunlap, I should like to see you a minute."

"Yes, sir." And the boy removed his hat as he passed through the gate and waited to hear what Mr. Palmer might say to him.

"Has your uncle any apples to sell?"

"No, sir. He had some, but he has sold them. I've got two bushels that were my share for picking. Should you like to buy them sir?"

"Yes, if we can agree upon the price. Do you know just how much they are worth?"

"Yes, sir."

"All right, then, I will call for them, and you may call at my house for the pay."

The short interview afforded the stranger an opportunity to observe Ned Dunlap closely. The next day a call was made at his uncle's, and although years elapsed before he knew what a friend he had gained that day his fortune was assured. After he had grown to manhood and accepted a lucrative position, which was not of his seeking, he asked why it had been offered him.

"Because I knew you could say 'no' if occasion required," answered his employer. "'No,' was the first word I heard you speak, and you spoke it with a will. More people, old and young, are ruined for want of using that word than from any other cause. They don't wish to do wrong, but they hesitate and parley until the tempter has them fast. The boy or girl who is not afraid to say 'no' is reasonably certain of making an honorable man or woman."

"Yes" is often a sweet and loving word.

"No" is a strong, brave word, which has signaled the defeat of many a scheme for the ruin of some fair young life.—*Temperance Banner.*

A Word to You, Young Man.

FIRST: Be honest. By which we do not mean, simply, not to steal. That goes without saying. The young man who, before his beard is grown, thinks it clever to cheat his tailor, or to sneak out of his little debts at college, has already laid a sure foundation of ill-fortune. Nothing is known so quickly or sticks to a man so long as the reputation of dishonesty. It is the fleck of mildew which eats and grows blacker and spreads from year to year. Boys are fatuously blind to the lengthening shadow which these faults of sharp-dealing and lying in their earliest years throw down their whole future. In a year or two they will be asking for patronage from the public or a chance in the business world, and they will find that in damaging their character they have already squandered their only capital. No merchant would take a boy, even as porter, into his employ who was not known to be honest. We take it for granted our boys are honest, in the coarser meaning of the term. But there is a finer honesty that enters into a man's nature and lifts him above his fellows. He is no sneak nor sham, neither to his companions, his God, nor even to himself. He does not sham a virtue which he has not; he does not imitate any other man's character; but he tries to go to the bottom of his own to clear it and lift it up.

As the boy begins so the man will end. The lad who speaks with affectation, and minces foreign tongues that he does not understand at school, will be a weak chromo in character all his life; the boy who cheats his teachers into thinking him devout at chapel will be the man who will make religion a trade and bring Christianity into contempt; and the boy who wins the highest average by stealing his examination papers will figure some day as a tricky politician. The lad who, whether rich or poor, dull or clever, looks you straight in the eye and keeps his answer inside of the truth already counts friends who will last all his life and holds a capital which will bring him in a surer interest than money.

Then get to the bottom of things. You see how it is already as to that. It was the student who was grounded in the grammar that took the Latin prize; it was that slow, steady drudge who practiced firing every day last winter that bagged the most game in the mountains; it is the clerk who studies the specialty of the house in off-hours who is to be promoted. Your brilliant, happy-go-lucky, hit-or-miss fellow usually turns out the dead weight of the family by forty-five. Don't take anything for granted; get to the bottom of things. Neither be a sham yourself, nor be fooled by shams. Ready for you in your early manhood there are plenty of pleasures waiting for you to conquer — applause, money, society, this and that kind of philosophy or faith. Take nothing on trust; weigh it, see what it is worth. You will have rough disappointments, but you will come to the granite underneath at last.

We have said nothing about your religion. Your creed matters little—Baptist, Presbyterian, Churchman; for if you are the sincere, earnest man we mean, you will come at last, down through all professions, all experiences, to the Almighty Good and Order which underlies them all. You will discover for yourself that every sincere and earnest man must build on that or on the shifting sand. There is no other choice in life.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Punctuality.

SOME one defines punctuality to be "fifteen minutes before the time." At any rate, it is not one minute after the time.

I must tell you an anecdote of the first Marquis of Abercorn. He invited a number of friends to dinner. The hour for dinner was five, and all those invited knew it, of course. Well, the hour arrived, and but one of the guests had come. Down sat the Marquis and this one guest to table. The Marquis was punctual, if only one of the others was.

By-and-by another guest dropped in, and was very much mortified to find dinner being eaten. And one by one all the rest came, and were likewise mortified. But the Marquis had taught them all a good lesson, and I venture to say that the next time they were invited none of them got in to the coffee only, but were on hand for soup.

General Washington was so very punctual that, on one occasion, some friends who were expecting him at a certain hour, on finding that he had not arrived, all concluded that their watches must have got wrong; and sure enough they had, for Washington soon came, and was not a minute late. No doubt his habits of punctuality helped to make him the great man that he was.

I knew a clergyman once throw himself into the Mississippi River and swim eighteen miles down stream to keep an appointment for afternoon service. I traveled through the Upper Mississippi region shortly after, and for hundreds of miles from the place where he lived, out toward the border, I heard of his great feat. The border men respected such a man, and called him "the minister who made the big swim."

Nor is any one too young to begin the cultivation of habits of punctuality. The boy who is on time at school, on time in class, on time when sent on an errand, and so on, is apt to be the punctual business or professional man. The habit of promptness is likely to cling all through life.

Some persons, on the contrary, go all through life in a slip-shod, down-at-the-heel way, and never prosper. They get to a wedding as people are coming off. They are late at church; don't meet their notes, go to protest, and are in trouble generally.

Washington's way was the best. The Marquis of Abercorn was in the right. That Mississippi clergyman did nobly. And these three are good examples for our boys and girls to follow. Never be behind time, and, if you can, be a little ahead of it, and you will never repent of the habit of punctuality.—*Golden Days.*

THE Railway Benevolent Institution of Great Britain is a grand charity, which has no counterpart in this country. During the past year it distributed to widows, orphans and disabled members over $30,000. Its operations are to be still further extended. Among other plans is one for the erection of an orphanage, toward which one lady has pledged £2,000, and a legacy of $10,000 has recently been left to the institution.